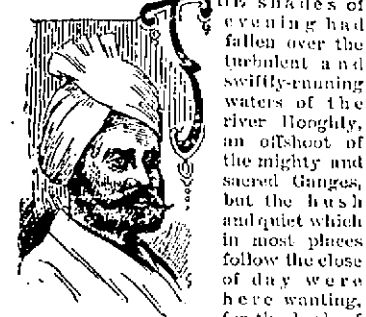


THE RAJAH'S TREASURE.

An Interesting Story of a Soldier's Gratitude.

(Written for this Paper.)



The shades of evening had fallen over the turbulent and swiftly-running waters of the river Hooghly, an offshoot of the mighty and sacred Ganges, but the hush and quiet which in most places follow the close of day were here wanting, for the banks of the river were lined with the shrill shrieks of nocturnal birds as they winged their flight over the muddy stream, added to the hum of human voices which were wafted from the City of Palaces, combined to produce a series of sounds that grated harshly upon the ear of a stranger.

A myriad of lights shone from the native boats, as they darted hither and thither between the shipping and the shore.

On board the numerous vessels which lay moored side by side, all work had been suspended, and their crews had either sought repose after the arduous labors of the day or betaken themselves to the oriental metropolis to enjoy a sailor's carousal.

On one noble ship, however, the scene was different. Her quarter-deck and rails were brilliantly illuminated by scores of gayly colored lanterns, while beneath the "after" awning two long tables groined beneath the weight



PROUDLY THE MASTER WELCOMED HIS FRIENDS.

of the most luxurious and delicate viands of the east.

As the steward of the vessel, assisted by several native attendants, completed the arrangements for the banquet the captain emerged from his cabin and walked toward the gangway. He was just in time to greet a party of ladies and gentlemen whose boat he had heard touch the side.

It was a motley procession that poured over the rail.

There was the European merchant in conventional evening dress, accompanied by wife and daughters arrayed in the richest attire.

Then came the Hindoo banker, stately in his magnificent robes and turban, glittering with costly gems. Next followed the Mohammedan, perhaps a little less grandly dressed than his predecessor, yet presenting a fine appearance, while the Parsee in his long, conical, bishop-shaped hat, flowing cloak of figured satin, and wide silken trousers, came next to the feast to do honor to the American captain.

Each guest was followed by his own servant, whose duty it was to wait on his master, and his alone. To a novice the arrangement at table would have seemed very strange, but in this land of caste it excited no comment. Each seat took their allotted places at the festal board, while before the group of Hindoos were laid utensils that had never been touched, save by people of their own kind, and the contents of the various dishes were wholly of the vegetable kingdom and had not been defiled by contact with the hand of either Musselman or Christian.

"There is one matter that puzzles me, captain," observed a fine-looking European gentleman, who was seated at the left hand of the host. "and that is why you, an American, should have named this floating palace of yours 'The Rajah's Treasure.' It certainly sounds oriental, and is very pleasing to our ears."

"It is, indeed, oriental," was the reply, "and the reason for the ship bearing this name is because my possession of her is due to an oriental; that is, primarily."

"It may not be fitting for me to relate the narrative at this time," began the captain, apologetically. "for it might call some unpleasant memories to many of my respected guests, as it touches upon the dark days of India which you all too well remember."

"The Capt. Sahib need have no fear of wounding the feelings of his servants," remarked one of the Hindoos present.

"Then I will tell you," went on the captain, "for it is an interesting story. I was a poor orphan lad in my own country, and was forced to turn to the sea as a means of livelihood. Slowly, very slowly, I crawled up the ladder of my chosen profession until I reached the position of chief officer, and in such capacity I have visited these shores many times."

"It was on one voyage when I had become almost discouraged and began to feel that I was destined to live and die a mate that something most singular happened to me. On leaving Boston with a cargo of rice for the East, the captain informed me that we had among our men a man whom he had allowed to work his passage to Calcutta, remarking at the same time: 'He is one, I think, who has seen better days, and I wish you would make things as easy for him as the discipline of the ship will allow.'"

"But, colonel, our friends are anxious for the story," was the reply, which, however, was heard only by a few present. Then aloud: "At the first opportunity, when well out to sea, I had a long talk with the man who had taken this means to reach his home in the east. That he was a true gentleman I saw at a glance, and was much interested in that part of his history which he saw fit to reveal to me."

"I shielded him from the hardships of a sailor's life as much as lay in my power, for I felt grieved to find a man fitted to fill an exalted position brought to such a strait and that too by circumstances over which he had no control. The seamen, however, did not take kindly to their more delicate shipmate, and I am afraid that many times during the passage, unknown to me, they succeeded in making his life miserable. "One night when about a week's sail from the mouth of the river Hooghly, I was startled by the cry of 'man overboard!' and hurrying to the rail of the vessel, I looked over the side, and saw the form of some poor unfortunate, being swept past."

"Hard down you heave! Back your main tops! Lower away the boat," I called quickly, and then sprang to the rescue of the man whom I thought I recognized in that one hasty glance to be my protégé.

"A few strokes and I had reached him, and found that I had not been mistaken. But hanging my surprise when I heard him call in a cheery voice: 'Do not mind me, Mr. Koleyah. I am a good swimmer—but look out for that villain who tried to murder me. He is somewhere near—and with that, the brave fellow struck out boldly for the vessel which had now 'rounded to.' I was horrified for an instant as the meaning of his words flashed into my mind, but seeing a human head come to the surface close at hand I was recalled to the situation and reaching forth, grasped the miscreant by the hair, and with a vigorous movement threw him upon his back, keeping him aloft at arm's length, as best I could."

"In a few moments, though it seemed hours, the boat reached us, we were picked up, and imagine my joy at seeing seated upon a thwart, one sleek passenger." When we reached the vessel, the captain was at the gangway to welcome us on board, and you will not be surprised that the first order I issued was to put the would-be assassin in double irons.

"After that, until we reached port, the man whom I had sprung overboard to save, lived with us aft in the cabin. Upon arriving at Calcutta, the singular character whom we had brought from America approached the skipper, and said: 'Captain, I wish you would let Mr. Koleyah, the chief mate, take a two weeks' run with me into the country, and I will give you my word that he shall return to you with full pay for his time, and the money for my passage, for now that I am in India, I am by no means a pauper.'"

"The captain at first demurred, but at length gave his consent, and we at once started for the hilly region. I will not tell you the exact locality for which we were bound, but suffice it to know that it was not far from the famous city of Lucknow."

"When well upon the road, my friend revealed to me a most wonderful tale—a story that would rival any told in the Arabian Nights. My companion had been a captain in a company of foot during the Sepoy rebellion and it had been his good fortune to rescue one from the hands of his justly-incensed soldiers the persons of the wife and infant son of a most powerful rajah. Although the husband was in the field, with many followers, against the British, the captain selected his gentle captive and her charge and kept them in seclusion until the storm of war was passed—for he feared their fate if allowed to fall into the possession of his own countrymen."

"When, however, the native prince laid down his arms, took the oath of allegiance to the English crown and through the magnanimity of the governor general was reinstated in his own province, my companion then listened to deliver up to the great potentate his loved ones, whom the rajah had mourned as dead."

"When the chief heard the story of his consort, how she had been carried off and protected by the noble foreigner, his gratitude and generosity knew no bounds and he bestowed fabulous wealth upon the preserver of his child and heir."

"A very small portion of the treasure allotted to the soldier he took at that time and resigning his position in the army proceeded to America, where, unfortunately, he entered into speculation, and lost all. Not wishing to send to his Hindoo benefactor, he preferred to work his way to India and call in



"ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO YOU MY FRIEND AND BENEFCTOR."

person for the balance of the wealth which the native prince had conferred upon him, and which had been set aside awaiting the captain's order and it was to obtain this that we were making the journey."

"When I saw the royal reception awarded my companion by the rajah's household my heart sank within me for shame at the remembrance of how ill he had been treated by the low-minded seamen on board our vessel."

"The amount of money which my European companion received I do not know, but this I am aware of; it must have been enormous, for he forced upon me the princely sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. It was with a portion of that which I purchased the vessel, and now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you my friend and benefactor, Col. Robert Fraser, whom you all know (addressing the man on his right), and tell me if I have done wrong in naming my ship as I did."

"After an instant's profound silence, loud calls were heard for the colonel, who, rising to his feet, remarked with emotion: "Kind friends, did you know what this gentleman did for me when he thought I was but a poor outcast on the world you would consider I was only a small part of a man but I not be stowed upon him some portion of the rajah's treasure."

MARLTON DOWNS.

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BABY TONITA'S LETTER.

MY DEAR PAPA:

How do you do?
Is pretty well.
Hope you are, too.
I'm a baby.
Ever so fat.
When ten pounds new—
Just think of that!
Got a lot of hair,
Black as a crow,
And eyes just as black
As black eyes grow.
And I have a nose
On my little face,
And the sweetest mouth,
Just in the right place;
Cuddling little toes—
Each side of my head,
So that I can hear
Everything that's said;
Rosy pink fingers,
And tiny pink toes—
Pretty little things,
Like mine in rows.
I can't go to bed,
Sleep most all night,
And stay awake daytime—
Isn't that right?
Want a long letter
For this little bit.
Guess I'm tired now,
So I'll say good-by.
With great lots of love,
And sweet kisses, too,
From your new daughter,
(Tonita)—(who goes)
—Babyland.

BALDY'S TOOTH.

Grandma's Story of How Kitty's Papa Received a Very Bad Cut.

Kitty was in distress, for in one short hour grandma was going to leave them; she was going away from Kitty's home, to make a long visit in New York.

"Seem if you never were coming back, a little head of trouble, as grandma says; and I think Uncle Frank is terrible to take you away."

"Only two months, Kitty dear," said grandma, kissing the mournful little face on her shoulder, "and then think how delighted we will be to look up, Kitty. Beautiful Bandy is giving Jim a great deal of trouble."

Kitty sat up immediately; she was always interested in Bandy's capers. Bandy was a beautiful horse, and he never looked more beautiful than when dancing about as now.

"Jim is too small a boy to lead him," said grandma. "Henry should not allow him to do it; your papa was very badly hurt, when he was a boy, by a horse."

"Tell me about it," begged Kitty; "papa's bit will be lots of years before you tell me any more stories, grandma!"

"Of course I will tell you," said grandma. "You see, Kitty, we were all staying on a farm in the country one summer, and the farmer allowed the boys to do just about as they pleased. Henry had always been fond of horses, and that summer he was with them almost constantly. He had learned to harness, and one very warm day he made up his mind that he would have a ride all by himself."

"So he went to the pasture and caught old Bandy, the horse that he liked best, and led him to the barn. It was a very warm day, as I have said, and the flies were troublesome. Bandy, as a general thing, was easy to manage; but to-day he kept stamping and flinging up his head in a very restless manner, and making his young master a great deal of trouble."

"Keep still, Bandy," said Henry. "Keep quiet, sir! But just then a large fly gave poor Bandy a savage bite and he flung his head higher than ever, and the time when it came down, one of his great teeth struck poor Henry with force, directly on the top of his head, making a big scar. In a moment the blood came streaming down his face, and such a sight as he was when he came running to me. Of course I was frightened at first, but when I had washed the wound I found that it was nothing serious; but even after all these years the scar is still to be distinctly seen."

"Where is it?" asked Kitty, eagerly. "Right on top," said grandma, smiling; "where the hair has grown a little thin you will find a narrow white scar about an inch long. Have you never seen it?"

"I'll go and look this minute," said Kitty, and she slipped from grandma's lap and ran to the sofa where papa was taking a nap; and grandma went away to put on her things."

Kitty pushed a stool to the head of the sofa, and when she stood on it she found that she could look directly down on papa's head. There on top, as grandma had said, was a thin spot in the soft brown hair, and showing quite distinctly through it was the scar. Kitty touched it softly with her little fingers, and she stooped over and kissed it, and said, gently: "Poor papa, I'm so sorry!"

Papa opened his eyes, and pulled Kitty around into his arms, and asked why she called him "poor papa," and he laughed when she told him, and said that he remembered all about Bandy, and that the blow from his tooth had hurt "pretty much."

"But now, Kitty," he said, "it is time for Grandma and papa to start, and you must try to be a very brave girl, and not cry any more, lest you make poor grandma cry too."

So Kitty did try her very best, and she did manage to smile, but it was a very slow smile.

Grandma's smile was showery, too. Annie L. Hannah, in Little Men and Women.

IN A QUEER BED.

Where a Little School Girl's Last Pet Was Found When School Was Dismissed.

Ida was on her way to school. As she passed Mrs. Kimball's, she looked long and lovingly at the little Maltese kitten that was lying asleep on the piazza. Mrs. Kimball saw her from the window, and said:

"Would you like that kitten, Ida?" "Ida's pretty teeth and dimples showed themselves as she answered, 'Yes!'"

she could not leave the poor little thing in the street to get lost. There was nothing to be done but carry kitty to school.

The teacher was surprised and the scholars amused to see Ida walk in with a kitten in her arms. The teacher shut kitty up in the dressing-room, where he cried distressfully. After awhile all was still. One of the girls went to the dressing-room to get a pencil, and returned with the news that kitty was gone. The teacher searched the building in vain, and Ida's face was a very sad one.

"He probably jumped out of the window," said Miss Brown, "and has gone home."

"I think he is too little to find the way home," added Ida. Just then the bell rang for school to dismiss, and the children walked slowly to the dressing-room. In a moment one of the largest girls came running back, followed by Ida, whose face was again covered with smiles and dimples.

"Miss Brown," said Maggie, "here's the kitty, asleep in my hat!" Maggie's hat hung on the highest nail, and kitty had climbed up to it. Nestling in the crown, he had slept there while every one was looking for him.—M. A. Haley, in Our Little Ones.

PAUL IN PANTS.

The Trouble a Little Boy Had When Trying to Wear Papa's Clothes.

Little Paul was having a "spell." "That was what nurse always called it when he was as cross as x."

What was the matter? Why, he did not want to wear a girl's dress any more. He was five years old. So there he was in his chamber "sulkling" behind the closet door.

"Papa didn't have to wear dresses!" he thought, for there was a whole suit over to grandma's house, in the back chamber, that he had worn when he was a little boy.

Paul thought hard for a minute; then, as nurse had gone to the kitchen, he ran down stairs, out of the hall, and over to grandma's house.

Grandma was in the dairy making a cheese, so he crept quietly up the back stairs.

Yes, there they hung on a high wooden peg by the chimney. He got up on the meal-chest, and then had to jump to reach them.

But such a nice time as he had dressing! The buttons would not stay buttoned, and there was a hole in the jacket sleeve—lining through which his hand would slip every time. And the pants came away down beyond his shoes. Then he rolled the legs up like Jake, the hired man. But the jacket hung nearly to his heels, for papa was ten years old when he wore it.

Yet Paul went down and looked at himself in the duck-pond, and was well pleased.

He had not gone far on his way home when Jerry and Dick Dean, two rude boys, ran out after him from behind a high fence, and made sport and shouted: "Baldy—long-legs!"

Oh, how he ran! And they did, too. The pants-legs unrolled and tripped him up and he fell into the dirty road.

Well, he got to the home gate at last, but flower would not let him come in. He howled and growled, thinking it a little better, for I'm sorry to say that flower did not like beggars.

"Then I bridget came to the door and bade him go away."

"Poor Paul! He could not hear any more. He leaned his head on the fence and cried."

Pretty soon mamma came out. How she laughed when she saw who it was. And she took him in and washed him and put on his pretty blue-dotted dress with the white braid, and Paul washed himself again.—Western Rural.

A LONG-LEGGED CHICK.

What a Mother Hen Found in an Egg When It Was Hatched.

The old hen sat on her eggs a long time. "Dear me," she said to herself, "I don't believe there's anything in 'em, at all."

But by and by she thought she heard something, and after twisting her head on one side, she did hear a chicken say "Peep."

"I wonder if this is all," she said. "I'll just take another look," and there were six little yellow chickens that had just nibbled their shells, but there was one with a black spot right on top of its head, and the queerest sort of a bill.

"Why, I never saw such a chicken before," the hen declared, "but I'll raise it, and see what it will come to. It's the biggest anyway."

As they grew older the hen with her brood were put in a coop with quite a high fence around it, at least it seemed so to them. It was as much as the mother could do to see over it herself. But after awhile in hunting for worms they learned to fly over, while the creature with the long legs and sharp bill, which proved to be a young stork, and not a chicken at all, kept close to the hen's long legs, and was very lonely.

Ida was over the stork to get over it. The old hen had been thinking about it for days. "Ah! I have it," she said one day when the stork was very unhappy. "I know what I'll do. You just get on my back, and I'll stand up as high as ever I can. Hold on tight, and perhaps I can get you over."

And sure enough went the young stork on the old hen's back. Then she got up and stretched herself greatly, and over he went, head foremost, and joined his companions on the other side.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Roast Shoulder of Mutton: A shoulder of mutton should not be baked in roasting, but simply rubbed with a little butter, serve with onion sauce.—Boston Herald.

—Indian Biscuits: One quart of cold Indian mush, one quart coarse wheat flour, one-half pint of milk. Make the mush as soft as you can well handle them, bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.—Detroit Free Press.

—When washing black dress goods, soap must never under any circumstances be applied directly to the material. In order to obtain the necessary suds, it must be shaved and entirely dissolved in a basinful of boiling water, and then thrown into the wash-tub.

—For salad dressing boil together one-half pint of vinegar, one large tablespoonful of butter and one whole spoonful of sugar. Beat two whole eggs, or the yolks of four, with one-half cupful of cream. Add one teaspoonful of mustard to the boiling vinegar. Mix all together and stir constantly till it thickens.—N. Y. World.

—Boiled Turnips: Pare the turnips and cut them into quarters, put them into steupan with boiling water and salt, boil them until quite tender; then drain them dry and rub them through a colander with a wooden spoon, add one or two tablespoonfuls of cream and put them into the steupan again with a large piece of butter and a little white pepper; stir them over the fire until thoroughly mixed and very hot; serve with boiled mutton.—Boston Herald.

—Omelet: Allow one egg for each person; two eggs make a small omelet. Beat the eggs well till light, season with pepper and salt and a spoonful of finely chopped chives or shallots and parsley; put a little butter in a pan, and when it is melted and hot, put in the eggs, etc., and fry. When the underside is colored and the top is about the consistency of scrambled eggs, slip it out of the pan into a hot dish, fold it over and serve at once.—Boston Budget.

—Bananas in Jelly: Make with boiling water a quart of strong and sweet lemonade, using only the juice of the lemons. Soak half a box of gelatine in cold water in a small cup of cold water; stir into the boiling lemonade and set it where it will cool, but not harden. Cut three bananas in lengthwise halves and lay them in a mold wet with cold water, cover them with half the jelly and set the mold upon the ice until the jelly sets. Then slice in three more bananas and pour in the remainder of the jelly. Serve with cream or soft custard.—Springfield Republican.

—Cheapening of meat and tough poultry require long and slow cooking to render them tender. Give plate meat, costing five cents per pound, five or six hours for quietly simmering, then an hour before dinner roast it down in its own liquor, and it will probably be as tender as desired. The bones should be removed and the meat rolled and tied in shape, then put in a pot to cook. This cut from the fore shoulder contains more fat and bones than lean meat, but five pounds of plate meat is sufficient for many persons, and the bones will make excellent soup.—N. Y. World.

—If you have a young chicken it is best to split it down the back and broil it. It is also good dredged with flour and browned in an iron pan in some hot butter, first on the outer side, then on the inner, sprinkling with salt after the former is turned uppermost. When done, it is moved on to a hot platter, pour a little cream into the frying-pan to boil up and mix with the browned deposit in it; salt it slightly, add a few drops of lemon juice and pour over the chicken. Serve it trimmed with bunches of parsley, either fresh or fried crisp in some boiling fat.

—Cream Meringues: Four eggs (whites only) whipped stiff with one pound of powdered sugar, flavored with vanilla or orange. When very stiff heap in the shape of half an egg upon stiff letter paper, lining the bottom of a baking-pan. Have them at least a half inch apart. Do not shut the oven door closely, as they burn very easily. Watch very closely, and when a light yellow-brown take them out and cool quickly; slip a thin-bladed knife under each, scoop out the soft inside and fill with cream whipped very stiff as for Charlotte-Russe. The oven should be very hot.—Ladies Home Journal.

TO BE MADE AT HOME.

Simple Waists and Bodices Useful for Summer Wear.

A very pretty and easily-fashioned little waist for summer dresses may be made after the following design: The full skirted yoke and sleeves may be made of sheer white lawn or cream white chamois. The waist is gathered at the neck and again at the waist, where a close belt holds it in place.

The pointed bodice may be of gingham, chambray, cream silk, chamois, or any pretty summer material, and is cut straight across the top, just below the armholes, with straps of velvet ribbon extending over the shoulder.

A very effective gown may be made of stem green sprigged chamois, with velvet straps over the shoulder, a silk girdle and bodice of chamois or silk, and a long skirt.

Another simple waist which promises to be a summer favorite is called the Pennant, which is made as exactly like a man's as is possible for a woman's wear. Pocket on either side the front, and a box plait extends down the back. These are really skirts of tails, as a man would say over which the skirt is pinned. This gives delightful freedom to the arms, with no fear of the waist and skirt separating, as is the case with the most depraved and embarrassing inclination when the waist is cut off below the belt.

This waist may be made of flannel, linen or silk, and is equally pretty in either material. Rather more elaborate and dressy are silk waists with skirt yoke in the back and a plaited front with a full in the hem. With these is worn a broad scarf of the same material tied beneath the turn-down collar.—Boston Globe.

Stylish Shirt Fronts.

The shirt fronts are multiplying rapidly as the season advances. They are used in crepe de chine and in English cloth for very handsome toilets, in light tints, contrasting with the color of the dress.

A shirt made of rows of galloon is frequently used to terminate the bodice in front. Open jackets with shirt fronts are much worn. Often with these jackets instead of the shirt front is used an ample jabot of scalloped bands of chiffon.—Chicago Post.

SURE OF NOTHING.

He Had a Wife Who Had Humbled Him in Spirit.

A stranger on horseback pulled up before a cabin in one of the side counties of Missouri, and hailed a man who was sitting on the door-step, rubbing a corn-stalk to soften it.

"Say, my friend, how long will it take me to reach the next town?" "Good! to how fast you go; some folks 'd never get there."

"Well, then, how far is it?" "Far is what?" "The next town."

"That's 'corlin' to where you air." "How far from here? I'm here, ain't I?"

"I don't state where you air. You may be here and agin you may be out. May be one or both of us is dreamin'."

"You're the hardest-headed old chump that I ever saw," replied the traveler. "Now without any fooling, how long will it take me to reach the nearest town?"

"That depends ergin, on how you go. Take you 'bout twice as long to walk as if you rode."

"Say, old man, you don't seem to know anything. Are you sure you're alive?"

"None and you wouldn't be sure of anything, if you'd married a gal that you thought was as weak as a kitten, and had a red rovin' two geese feather beds, and then afore you'd been married three weeks, have her pour water in your boots and sand in your pie, and drive you out of the house with a red-hot poker, and then have her had swear the cow's hosen and her man say the beads is bern. Would you know anything stranger?"

"Why don't you remonstrate?" "I've done all that I could, and she beat me every time. And I guess she could remonstrate harder I could. Go on, mister, and leave me. Keep straight ahead, 'n you'll git somewhere. I dunno where, I ain't sure of nothing any more."—Texas Sittings.

Come Over in the Mayflower.

Young Miss Twelve Years Old was reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and became deeply interested in the fortunes of poor Christian as he struggled onward through the Slough of Despond, fought the fierce combat with the monster Apollyon, made his escape from the Giant Despair and from Doubting Castle, and finally reached the Celestial Gate. She and the mother were one evening talking about the Mayflower, and who had come to this country in the ship.

"And who do you think came over in the Mayflower, my daughter?" asked the mother.

"Why, the Yankees, of course," said Miss Twelve Years Old.

"No, my dear; not the Yankees; it was the Pilgrims."

"Oh, mamma, was Christian one of them? Did he come to America? He was a pilgrim, you know."—Jack Fuller, in Arkimaw Traveler.

Butting Presses for Hay, Straw, Etc.

No investment will pay farmers better than the purchase of a good Butting Press; a poor one will be money thrown away. The Whitman Agricultural Co. manufactures a full line of presses that have no equal, and are guaranteed superior in every respect to any in use. They are also headquarters for Oliver Mills and other Farm Machinery. Send for free illustrated catalogue, circulars and prices of machine wanted.

The soft water clerk who cannot draw words without drawing your wife's attention is no expert.—Union County (N. C.) Standard.

Take care of the pennies and you will soon have a larger amount than will be legal tender. Luck.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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ON OCEAN STEAMERS.

ON OCEAN STEAMERS.

Kind of Men That Command Great Ships.

re-headed brainy, driving men are master mariners, and bearing partly a responsibility that needs an will and a courage faltering at ing. There is no royal road to a station, nor any willing hands

not crawl through cabin windows. For that matter, come flying in a head injury through the emergency

they have to fight their way over the rocks and struggle out of the rack and then in the folks'le by sturdy buf-

g and hard knocks, by the persist-
ing of stout shoulders backed
strong hearts and steady brains. If
in them they will make their way
he end surely, and may set the
and strength, which can be other

se and stuzip to windward as they
se, while others haul the weather-
ings and drink their grog protest-
7.

the world is better for owning.

the stoke-hole, however, one leaves
and the formal and mathematical,
sees the picturesque with all its
unvarnished, with all its din and
glor unobscured. Under the splint-
er silver of the electric lamps, con-

When the furnace doors are opened
tongues of fire gush out, blue
clouds of gas spin and reel over the
rolling mass of fuel, and great sheets

...one suck half-burnt carbon over
quivering fire wall into the flues.
...averted heads and smoking bodies
stokers shoot their slice bars
ough the melting hillocks, and twist
turn them until they undulate like
ents.
rough bulkhead doors the red and

of the furnaces checker the roof-floor, and the tremulous roar of the fires dominates the sibilant splat of the steam. Figures nearly naked, grey and black with coal, and pasty as ashes and soaked with sweat, come go in the blazing light and in the gloom, and seem like nightmares in fantastic tides of demagoguery.

ing the furnaces, the hollow upping of the stoker's shovel relieves gently on the iron floor, and these st-masters pile coal on coal until the fairly riots, and, half blinded, they stagger backward for a cooling respite. It is only a moment at the best, for raskmasters watch and drive them, the tale of furnaces does its stint, the iron tools blister their hands, roasting furnaces scorch their bodies.

the chests heave like those of spent
timbers, their eyes tingle in parched
sets—but work they must, there is
no escape, no holiday in this madden-
ing limbo. Stern must be kept up, or
perhaps a cruel record must be lowered.
The noise and uproar are deafening;
timbers trundle their barrows
easily from bunker to stow hole,
if the ship's motion be too great for
wheels, carry it in baskets, and
during the four long hours there is no

First-class ships muster from twelve to fifteen men in each watch, and all these are shipped as seamen. Of these the majority are such only in name, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to fly the blue flag at least ten of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the naval reserve, and to be an A R there one must have, of old and steeped deftly.

by the ship: that is, those who, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at wages per day while the ship repairs and loads. All hands, from the cooper to the scullion's mate, must appear at the beginning of each run—just "sign articles" as it is called—before a board of trade shipping master. As the law has always regarded Jack "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of shippers," great stress is laid in these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in de-

the character of the voyage, the ages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown out these "wards of the admiralty" in a quasi-paternal government. Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and assertively, sometimes with a great deal of unnece-

The boatswain selects the ship's company, and the sea-birds flatter on land, usually a few hours before the vessel lands into the stream. They fly past, these modern, ocean gullies, and

Generally they are in debt to the silversmiths;—they pay seventeen bob a week for their grub and lodging—and many of them just touch their advance money, as a guarantee of receipt, and see most of it disappear, for goods cheerily furnished, into the superintendent's monk-bag.

But they are philosophers in their old way, and are apt, if they find themselves safely on board with a couple of killings in their 'bacey pouches, with upon an extra shirt, a paunilion, a box of matches and a bar of soap, to feel

Leaving out of question the responsibility of the watch, try and measure the physical misery when gales are howling, and spray is flying, and icy seas being shooting over the weather bulwarks, and the ship is scampering along, wallowing in the hollows, or wriggling in zenith-seeking billows.

It may be at night, when you can not see a ship's length ahead, and around you, threatening disaster and death, are a dozen vessels; it may be when the ice

moving and the lowering herp in
our pathway. Then those dreadful
words, "You are a hard nut to
crack," are roused out of a com-
fortable bed and jumped half-awakened
into the chill and misery of the gal-
lows night with every nerve and
muscle strained to the breaking point.
No, it is, believe me, the hardest kind
of hard work, and it so saps the body
and warps the temper, and makes the
best old before their day, that no self-
respecting mother will let her daughter
marry a man who knows an ear from a
tenne-rail, if he has learned their differ-
ences—watch-keeping.—LIEUT. J. D.
GILLEY, in Scribner.

Real Estate, L

—EXCE

I have over 300 of the finest Rhinelanders for sale, ranging from \$100 to \$1,000. Also many of the finest Time given purchasers who Time given purchasers who Sole agent for all property Brown Brothers, S. H. Albany.

I can place any amount of at 40 per cent. of its value, or from 8 to 10 per cent. interest.

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I represent several of the reliable Insurance Companies and make a specialty of writing Rates.

—ABS

The only Abstracts of Onions and Butter's PARLOR.

How the Wall Paper Affected the Domestic Happiness.

A pretty little farmhouse, painted a snowy white, with blinds of vivid green, stood just outside the small New England village of Waterford. The house was quite new. The shingles on its roof were still yellow and resinous. It had a trim, smart look, pleasing to the eye. A small, old house, painted a dark-brown, stood back a few yards from the pretty white house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jared Drewe had moved from the old house into the new one. They had begun housekeeping as a young married couple in the old house, and they had lived in it twenty-five years. The new house was the culmination of the hopes and plans of many years. True, Drewe had never liked the old house. It had no "conveniences." The new house had a well right in the kitchen, a big pantry, plenty of closets and a parlor. The old house had had none of these things.

"I begin to feel as though I was somebody," Mrs. Drewe said at the breakfast-table on the morning of the fifth day after they had moved into the new house.

"Do, eh?" replied Mr. Drewe. "You women are great for puttin' on style. I ain't never felt no particular need of a parlor. A common settin'-room 's good enough for me, or even the kitchen."

"I don't mind settin' in a nice, clean kitchen, myself," replied his wife, "but I don't want all my company to have to set there—specially the minister and his wife. I've felt the need of a parlor a many a time, if you ain't."

"Well, you've got one now," "Yes, when I get it furnished."

"Oh, I reckon you'll want to fill it full of all sorts of flub-dubbery—woman-like."

"I'm going to have things nice, anyhow. Land knows, I've waited long enough for 'em."

"What you call 'nice'?" "Well, I'm going to have a real Brussels carpet, for one thing, and a marble-top table and a plush sofa and lace curtains and nice chairs."

"Shucks!" Mr. Drewe said, contemptuously, but he did not offer any objection to this extravagant outlay of long and carefully-hoarded funds. He knew, moreover, that most of this splendor would be purchased out of his wife's own savings. She was a wise woman and had a purse of her own.

"Ketch me having to run to Jared or to any other man every time I want a little money," she had said in the beginning of their pilgrimage as man and wife. "No, sir, my saving, shall be my own."

Adhering tenaciously to this resolve and ever keeping in mind the time to come when she should have a new house, Mrs. Drewe had money enough to furnish the house as she pleased.

But his wife's second proposition aroused a spirit of decided antagonism in Jared Drewe.

"I want to have the parlor papered some time next week."

"Papered?" "Mr. Drewe looked up quickly, surprise and opposition depicted on every line of his face."

"Yes, papered," replied Mrs. Drewe. "You s'pose I'm going to have bare white walls when everybody else has theirs papered?"

"We'd all bare walls in the old house."

"I don't care if we did. We kept thinkin' and thinkin' we'd build every year, and it didn't seem worth while to do any paperin' or fixin' up; but if you reckon I'm goin' to live the rest of my day in bare, white-walled rooms you're mistaken."

She spoke decisively, for she saw unusual depths of opposition in her husband's large, unbordered face with its square, firm jaw and chin indicative of great firmness of purpose. Her own face wore a resolute, emphatic expression. She was a plucky little woman. Her husband had a secret pride in what he called her "grit," although he would have died before he would have confessed it.

"I don't see why on earth you object so to a little wall paper, Jared."

"I despise wall paper," he said, with something like childish perverseness. "Why?"

"Because I do!" "That ain't any reason."

"It's unbecom'g, for one thing."

hair, resolute and defiant. Her black eyes shone as she said: "There's no sense in your actin' so, Jared Spauld. The gold is to have that parlor papered!" "You do, and I'll never set foot on it as long as I live and breathe the breath of life!" "Jiddies-ticks!" "I never will, Marthy!" "What nonsense!" "I never will!"

He rose from the table as he spoke, took his hat from a nail in the small entry near the kitchen door and went out to the barn, his every movement seeming to accentuate his resolve.

Mrs. Drewe did not refer to the matter again; but a week from that day, when Mr. Drewe returned home after a day spent in the city five miles distant, he met John Hays, the village paper-hanger, coming from the house with an empty paste-bucket and a roll of two of paper under his arm.

Stepping into the little front entry, he glanced toward the parlor at the right. The door was open, and he saw his wife standing in the center of the room, looking with pleased eyes at the four walls around her covered with gorgeous gilt paper of the most pronounced pattern.

She assumed an air of ignorance of any previous discussion of the subject, and asked, cheerily: "Well, Jared, how do you like it? Isn't it lovely? I think it's just beautiful!"

"You remember what I said, Marthy Drewe?" "Well?"

"I'm goin' to stick to it!" "Now, Jared, I—"

"I'll never—set—foot—in—that—room—long—as—I—live—and—breathe—and—use—my—senses! Never!"

He pronounced each word slowly and with marked emphasis. Then he turned and went out to the barn.

"He'll get over it," Mrs. Drewe said, fully to herself, but in her secret she feared he would not.

He made no reference to the matter at the supper-table. He even talked cheerfully and pleasantly of the events of his visit to the city.

The Brussels carpet, the plush sofa, the lace curtains and the marble-top table of Marthy Drewe's visions and dreams became splendid realities during the next week. She called her husband to note the general effect when everything was in place. He came to the open door and looked in.

"Cute in an 'n' set down in this new parlor, eh? See how easy it rocks," she said.

"No, thank ye," he said, curtly. "I never expect to set in it."

She tried to laugh lightly as she said: "Pshaw, Jared! Don't be so silly!"

He turned and walked away in silence.

The minister and his wife came out from the village to call the next day. Mrs. Drewe ushered them into the gorgeous parlor, her heart swelling with pride. Jared came to the door with an old wooden chair from the kitchen, plumped it down flat and hard on the oil-cloth of the entry floor, and sat there during the entire call.

"You never even come in to shake hands with 'em," Marthy said, afterward.

"I know it!" "What do you s'pose they'll think?" "I know what."

"If that's the way you're goin' to set every time anybody calls here, I'd thank you to keep out of sight altogether."

"I reckon I want to see folks as much as you do."

"I've a notion to go and have every room in the house papered," she said, hotly.

"Then I'll take up my abode in the tavern," he replied, calmly.

"The Drewe family was a stubborn set, but I can't find a s'pose Jared would be so pig-headed," she said when he had left the room.

She had many callers during the next few weeks. The fame of her gorgeous parlor brought all her friends and acquaintances to behold its splendors.

Jared sat at the door on the old wooden chair during nearly all of these calls. He was careful not to let even the toe of his boot enter the despised room.

The sharp eyes of some of Mrs. Drewe's callers soon noticed Jared's peculiar conduct; their keen noses scented domestic discord.

"What's the matter of Jared?" asked Sarah May, Mrs. Drewe's sister, a few weeks after the papering and furnishing of the parlor.

"Nothing that I know of," replied Marthy. "What makes you ask?"

"Didn't he want you to buy your parlor things?"

"He didn't care. Whatever put that idea into your head, Sally?"

"They say he won't set in one of the parlor chairs, nor even step into the room."

"Oh, I say so?" "Oh, it's common talk. I've been asked about it more'n once."

Mrs. Drewe went home greatly distressed and humiliated. She was a sensitive little woman, notwithstanding her "grit," and she could not endure the thought of having her domestic affairs made a subject of common gossip.

She was rightly truthful, too, and was forced to admit to her sister that she and her husband had had a disagreement. She felt hotly rebellious toward Jared as she entered the pretty little new house in which she had expected to be so happy. Jared was lying on the lounge in his shirt sleeves and stockings feet, reading the weekly paper.

"Well," said Marthy, while nuzzling her bonnet strings, "it's got out."

"What's got out?" "Bout you sayin' you'd never set foot in the parlor."

"I can't help it if it has," he said, imperturbably.

"Can't help it?" she cried, hotly; "you can help it any minute, Jared Drewe!"

"How?" "Why, by simply giving up your mulishness and coming in to the parlor the next time we have company."

"I'mumph!" said Jared, and resumed the reading of his paper. Marthy raged inwardly.

So many of her plans were thwarted by Jared's "mulishness."

She had the deserved reputation of being a very reasonable woman, and she had planned to have "a sight of company" in the new house. She had often pictured to herself the card parties and dinner parties she should give. She had even planned a grand housewarming, with a sup.

But she had never planned a grand housewarming, with a sup.

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IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

Donner Lake and Crystal Tahoe, Gems of the Mountains.

Interesting Stories Connected with Two Exquisitely Beautiful Sheets of Water—The Old Trail to California, the Promised Land.

(Special Correspondence.)

If one gets down from the train at Truckee, a town twelve miles from the summit of the Sierra Nevada range, he may come in a little time to two of the most wonderfully beautiful sheets of water that, perhaps, lie anywhere upon the surface of the globe; and Donner Lake and Crystal Tahoe, gems of the mountain top, mirrors of enchantment.

Leaving the town on foot but little over a mile, we came, after a walk of three miles up a canyon through which leaped a bright mountain stream, to Donner Lake. It lies like water at the bottom of a most tremendous well. It is some three miles long and one and a half wide, and is walled in on all sides by lofty and imposing mountains. On the south and west particularly these walls are grand and gigantic, mountain peaks seemingly piled upon mountain, clothed in pine trees at the base but frowning piles of granite from the "avalanches" up. Over these, the very backbone of the range, the traveler must

pass ere he begins to descend into California. Right along here through the pine trees by the margin of the little lake, the old road used to run and wind up these awful stairways of rock and over the mighty hairpins and on down into the land of sunshine and gold. Thousands of ox-teams, long trains of dusty mules, hundreds of men and women and children on foot, have gone this way. What a strange and impressive pageant! Now all is silent, the historic road is overgrown with grass, but where are the pioneers? Some of them are now up there on the dizzy heights riding in palace cars. Hundreds of feet above the placid waters the trains can be seen moving across the face of the great cliffs, where they seem to run on a track laid in the air. Far up the granite walls a tunnel pierces the mountain top and into that it is almost a relief to see the trains dart, it looks so dangerous. They, too, are going to the land of gold, but not as old, old, not as old!

We turn to the lake; it is clear, cold and sweet as a mountain spring. The mountain tops lie mirrored in it and below us is a world beautiful and unsubstantial as a dream. We turn to a grove of pines and stand on ground that has known the very sublimation of human suffering. Here thirty-four human beings starved to death in the winter of 1846. Many individuals and small parties have lost their lives in these mountains, but as an instance of horrible suffering the fate which befell the Donner party here by this little lake stands alone among the disasters of the Pacific coast.

The party of seventy persons, led by Mr. Donner, of Illinois, reached this spot on their way to California on the last day of October, 1846. Here a terrible snowstorm overtook them, falling to a depth of twenty feet and completely covering them, wagons, oxen, horses, men, women and children, all beneath it. Here they made little huts under the snow and lived upon the frozen bodies of their oxen and horses, and at last were compelled to eat human flesh.

The stumps of the trees cut by the party still stand, and are from eighteen to twenty feet high, showing the great depth of the snow. At last, seeing that if help could not be obtained starvation must ensue, a Mr. Reed, also of Illinois, taking some provisions on his back, climbed the frowning, snow-capped mountains and on foot alone made his way to the village of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, on the coast. That was one of the grandest journeys man ever made, one of the most heroic in the annals of history. No tongue or pen can ever adequately picture the struggles, the dangers and the suffering he must have endured. At length a strong party was gathered at Yerba Buena who with some provisions

the first time she left her room. "Want me to carry ye into the parlor, Marthy?" he asked, after he had her in his arms. "It's sunny and bright in there. I've got a good fire in the stove and the—wall paper shines beautifully!"

She looked up with shining eyes and the first flush there had been in her cheeks for many weeks.

"If you would carry me in and lay me on the sofa awhile, Jared."

"Why—I—I—Oh, Jared! What does it mean? I thought you—Oh, Jared!"

For as he carried her out into the dining-room and through the sitting-room to the hall she saw that all the once bare and cold and staring white walls were covered with more expensive and beautiful paper than she herself would have bought.

There was a warm, red and black carpet on the hall floor, a new carpet for the sitting-room, new and pretty chairs and tables here and there, and a mirror in a gilt frame between the two front parlor windows that reached nearly from the floor to the ceiling.

When she caught a reflection of her face in the shining glass, she saw in fact a kinder, gentler, tenderer loveliness than either had worn for years.—J. L. Harbour, in N. Y. Ledger.

Enviel II.

Borus was reading a chapter from his forthcoming book to his friend, the literary editor. Suddenly he stopped, straightened his leg out with a jerk, and said:

"It's a dismal feeling, Naggus, to have your foot go to sleep."

"Yes," replied the literary editor, "but you ought to let it sleep."

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wife. Nothing could be seen of Mrs. Donner, however. Keysbury was found lying on the floor of one of the cabins before a fire, over which hung a camp-kettle, which was half filled with boiling human flesh. Other portions of Mrs. Donner's body were found in vessels in the hut. Thus ended one of the many tragedies that occurred when men were journeying with ox-teams to the land of gold.

Next morning we went by stage to Lake Tahoe, fifteen miles southward in the mountains. Lake Tahoe lies in the heart of the Sierras, nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, while mountain peaks rise all about it to an additional altitude of from three to five thousand feet. It is twenty-two miles in length, ten in width, and from one hundred to seventeen hundred feet deep. Its waters are absolute crystal. One may see a whole beautiful realm beneath him: the fish flashing like hammer beams through the heavy meshes of reflected clouds, the mountain peaks with their snow and silver bubbles, and all these tangible objects from eighty to one hundred feet below. The transparency of the water is largely due to the lack of density, no doubt, the altitude being so high and the air so rare and light that but little atmospheric pressure is imposed upon the water. For the same reason, doubtless, no person drowned in Tahoe was ever known to rise to the surface, the water having so little buoyancy.

Yet it is the most beautiful water the writer has ever seen, being more like bright clear air than water. The summer sunsets on Lake Tahoe are remarkable for their magnificence and wealth of coloring, and are accounted grander than those mirrored on famous Como and Maggiore. No painter could ever dare to put on canvas the splendid colors of Tahoe in a sunset. It would appear such an exaggeration that he would lose caste among those who demand that the artist's pencil shall be true to nature. None but those who have witnessed the reality would be persuaded of the facts. Such dazzling beauty could not be were it not for the rare and highly reflective qualities of the translucent waters which reflect the colors like a polished mirror of French plate glass. The colored lights seem to gush in through all the mountain tops at sunset, and falling upon this wonderful floor of crystal are multiplied a thousand times. One is bewildered and astonished by the number and richness of the dyes; it is indescribable. About the shores of the lake are many fine hotels and resorts, and seemingly half San Francisco comes up here to "cool off," and to spend itself during the summer. I don't blame them.

There are magnificent forests of pine all over this region, and down in the Truckee basin below a great lumber business is done. We noted hundreds of flumes and log-chutes as we returned, and many mills with their saws snarling away like man. The flumes bear the lumber to the railroad by water miles away; the log-chutes are great

grooves in the mountain slides down which the huge logs plunge into the river and are then floated to the mills. As we crossed the river a monster log came down the mountain like a thunderbolt; it struck a foreman fairly endwise with a shock like thunder. Oxen, sixteen in a team, are used upon the mountain slides to get these logs to the chutes. Altogether it is a very interesting industry.

A man in this region who had been one of a firm who got out a million ties for the Central Pacific railroad when it was building, told me that Stanford and his gang paid them forty-five cents per tie, and then charged the government ninety cents each for the ties. That struck me as being a rather interesting industry, also. Stanford is now worth some forty millions, and wishes to be president of Great Britain!

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Origin of the Two Islands Which Lie in Lake Michigan.

The folk-lore of the Indians of Michigan is almost a thing of the past, but few of their legends being preserved at the present time. To be sure, there are a few of the old natives, with locks whitened by the frosts of many winters, who preserve a few of the traditions of their tribes. Such a one is Wicandagish, an aged brave whose huge proportions gave him the name mentioned. Translated into English it means giant. Being in a communicative mood a few days ago, he related one of his tribal traditions concerning the Manitou Islands and Sleeping Bear point. He said that many years ago, before the primeval woods of Michigan and Wisconsin had been invaded by the ruthless white man, the wild animals of the forests were possessed of spirits, and that the medicine men of the tribes were able to talk with them.

Once upon a time a huge sea-bear was compelled to desert the shores of Wisconsin and with her two cubs take to the waters of Michigan, the great lake, on account of fires that were raging in the wilderness. The hunt was so intense that the mother bear concluded not to return to the Wisconsin shore, but struck boldly out for the banks of Michigan. When nearly across the lake the two cubs sank from exhaustion and were drowned. "The old bear swam about the spot for hours, but her cubs rose not again."

Finally, weariness compelled her to seek the shore, reaching which she climbed a huge bluff and lay down to sleep. That bluff was Sleeping Bear point, and from that day to this the spirit of the old bear has remained on the bluff, and from the spot where she sank the two cubs there gradually arose two beautiful islands, the North and South Manitou islands, or as it means in the vernacular of the Ottawa, Spirit Islands. The spirits of the cubs are supposed to abide on the islands, and that of the mother bear keeps a constant and loving watch over the homes of her loved ones, where they are bound to remain until terrestrial time shall be no more, when they will be transported to the Indian heaven, or happy hunting-grounds, not as victims of the huntsmen but as guardians of the Indians, who love them.

On stormy nights, the Indians say, the spirit of the mother bear moans and cries from her post on the great sand-bluff, in anxiety for the fate of her young, the shores of whose homes are being assailed by the treacherous waves, which caused their death.—Detroit Free Press.

PREPARING SALTED ALMONDS.

Recipe for the Dainty Dish That is all the Craze of Late.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

All Preparations Made For a Big Celebration.

The Various Committees Have Everything In Readiness For The Day.

Rhinelanders Will Entertain The Biggest Crowd Ever Seen In The Place.

Saturday's Celebration of our country's independence will be observed in truly a patriotic manner in Rhineland. The committees to whom were assigned the different parts of preparatory work have completed all arrangements and with a pleasant day to aid, the program presented on the Fourth will surpass anything heretofore seen in the future metropolis. The various societies and organizations who are to participate in the parade have been busy for some time preparing for the event, and a splendid showing will be made by our civic societies. The order of march, as published two weeks ago in the New North, will be carried out. It is as follows:

The procession will form at the corner of Brown and Frederick Streets, promptly at 9 a m in the following order:

- Officers of the day in carriages.
- Silver Cornet Band.
- John A. Logan Post, G. A. R.
- Knights of Pythias in Uniform.
- Fife and Drum Corps.
- Odd Fellows Lodge.
- Sons of Veterans.
- Large float drawn by six horses with girls representing each state in the Union.
- Good Templars Lodge.
- Base Ball Club.
- Alert Hose Company.
- Pelican Hose Company.
- Business Floats.
- Calithumpians.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Turks esteem the beard as the most noble ornament of the male sex, and consider it more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off than to be publicly whipped, flogged or branded with a red-hot iron. Almost any orthodox Turk would prefer being put to death rather than have his beard removed from his face.

—Freycinet, French minister of war is about to assume the protectorate of a new military museum in Paris. The plan of the institution originated with Meissonier. The contents will be old and new uniforms of the French army, weapons, military papers, orders of the French kings and emperors, and miscellaneous mementoes of great battles. Most of the exhibits of the military pavilion at the last world's fair will also be acquired.

—Graslanin of St. Petersburg (Prince Mestchersky's organ) contains the following book statistics: For every hundred citizens there are in Russia 1.5 volumes; in Great Britain, 6 volumes; in Austria, 6.9; in Belgium, 10.4; in Italy, 11.7; in France, 13. "This shows," says the enlightened editor, "that Russia has the right to last eight times as long as France. Heaven grant [the italics are in the original] that Russia should always stand the latest in all the aspects of education."

—Some people have declared that in a gale of wind the Eiffel tower bent to the extent of two-and-a-half meters. To settle the question Commandant Defforges has established a fixed telescope at the south foot of the tower. The instrument is directed on a scale at the top of the tower, so that the smallest oscillation can be observed. "Thus far no greater oscillation than two centimeters has been noted; but Commandant Defforges thinks that in a strong wind it may reach ten centimeters."

—Under the directions of the German ministry of worship and education, the famous Crop tapestry of Greifswald university has been sent to Berlin to be mended. This tapestry, which pictures in life size figures the grand ducal families of Saxony and Pomerania at the feet of Luther, was given to the university in 1800 by the duke of Croÿ. Every ten years the tapestry is exposed, and a great festival is held in honor of the occasion. All the rest of the time it is secluded from sight.

—One of the daily papers of Rome publishes in the last eighteen years. Between 1871 and 1889 the number of letters to foreign countries increased from 40,000,000 to 140,000,000; of letters from foreign countries, from 38,500,000 to 122,000,000; of pieces of domestic mail, from 442,000,000 to 2,803,000,000; of packages and money orders, from 45,500,000 to 110,000,000. In 1889 107,849 officials were in the postal service, which included 21,198 officers, against 4,641 in 1871. Letter carriers go to the most remote mountain huts at least once daily, and in all cities there is a Sunday delivery.

—In the Crimea, the transcaucasian and the central Asiatic governments of Russia and Turkey make large islands every

The line of march will be as follows: The procession will march south on Brown street to King street, east on King to Oneida avenue, north on Oneida avenue to Davenport street, west on Davenport to Stevens street, north on Stevens street to the grove, opposite the Congregational church, where the throng will be entertained by quartette music, in several national anthems. The oration will be delivered by John Barnes, and Mrs. Mary Howe Shelton will read the Declaration of Independence. The contests and races take place immediately after dinner. They will consist of running sack, potato, and wheelbarrow races, and a log rolling contest will take place near the wagon bridge at the foot of Davenport street. For all the contest and races there are 2000 liberal prizes offered. The program of the day will be the base ball game between Watersmen and the O. F. W., which takes place at the horse park, beginning promptly at 3:30. Watersmen is coming here this year with a very strong nine and the game will be an exciting one. The O. F. W. will play all home men and will not be disappointed if they lose the game. In the evening there will be a grand ball at the O. F. W. hall. Every one is invited to come and enjoy the evening.

best arable soil. The most skilled engineers, under the direction of the ministry of the interior and of imperial property, have for many years tried to stop the evil, but with little or no success. Now the Imperial Geographical society has detailed a commission under the leadership of Kh. V. Hellman to spend the summer in Algeria and Egypt studying the nature of the quicksands in those countries and the methods by which the natives resist their inroads.

A SLEIGHRIDE ON STONES.

Queer Methods of Traveling in Madeira.—The Kaleidoscope Town of Funchal. Funchal lies spread out on the hillside, the streets are steep and narrow, the whitewashed buildings picturesque, irregular, the people Portuguese-looking, dark-eyed, brown-skinned and fond of light colors in their dresses. The air is delicious to breathe—light and invigorating, and it seemed to us nothing could have been more exhilarating in the freshness of the early morning than our ride up the steep street and on to the winding road to the convent of Santa Clara, a long, low series of grey buildings that stood perched above us on the hill-top.

The ladies of the party rode into the courtyard and dismounted, and bought some exquisite hand-made lace from the nuns. Perhaps bargains constitute one of the unwritten laws of the island, or may be, they serve as a zest to the daily routine of Madeira life; for even here some gentle haggling was indulged in, and smaller prices were taken by the nuns than they demanded. Then, remounting our horses, we prepared to return. Funchal lay at our feet, a mass of white walled houses, pink stained, yellow stained, yellow tiled, grey roofed, green cascaded and balconied, nestling amid the greenery of laurels, olives and cacti-groves of beautiful gardens, and rose-hued hillsides covered with the red orchids, weed, a gleaming mass in the brilliant weather, but all bleached and toned by the sun till what otherwise might have been a scene of brilliant incongruities were here all blended into one harmonious whole—one of Turner's pictures realized.

Two of the party elected to leave their horses and be conveyed back again by a "carro," a kind of basket chair or carriage on wooden sleigh runners that slid smoothly and swiftly over the pointed cobble stones with which the streets are paved, while a laughing native, running behind, acted both as groom and guide to the strange but comfortable conveyance.

Just before we reached the open market place we dismounted and dismissed our steeds. This was not a difficult matter—that is the dismissal. The payment—bargain included—had been settled beforehand, as the hirers of the said ponies had accompanied us wherever we went, clinging to the ponies' tails when they trotted up the steep ascent, and hanging on by the stirrup leathers when they walked. To the uninitiated eye of the ordinary Briton we should no doubt have presented the appearance of the legend of a circus.

English Blacksmiths.

The deaths of country blacksmiths are 10 per 1,000, those of Marylebone, London, 21 per 1,000. In the course of his life the country blacksmith can strike between the ages of 20 and 60 30,000,000 blows on his anvil, 3,000 each day of ten hours; but the Marylebone blacksmith, who works twelve hours, has 600 more blows to strike per day—that is 60 more working days per year, and in five years the whole year more of work—a full and sufficient reason, says Dr. Richardson, in combination with his unhealthy surroundings, for his shorter life.—London Tit-Bits.

At a Bargain.
I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12 Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 5, First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1, Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot in Block 9, on Thayer St., or will sell my two houses and lots on Stevens street.
L. HOLT.

Taken Up.
Came to my premises Monday, June 15, one red cow and calf, with white forehead, white hips, short horns, five or six years old. The owner is requested to call and pay charges and take same away. Residence corner of Rose and Mason St., Rhineland. **TACKER CHASION.**

Dissolution of Partnership.
The firm of Gault & Demms is this day dissolved by mutual consent. C. H. Gault, retiring from the firm. The business will be conducted as heretofore by J. Demms, who will collect all bills and pay all accounts against said firm. Dated June 29th 1891.
C. H. Gault
J. Demms.

ONEIDA COUNTY LAND AND ABSTRACT CO.
Complete Abstract of all Lands in Oneida County.

A General Land Business Transactor.
Office in Court House.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
JAMES G. DUNN'S City Dray Line.
Will attend promptly to any business in that line.

HOTELS.

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FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN EVERY RESPECT.
First-class Sample Room in Connection. Headquarters for Commercial Men. Rates \$2 per day.

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Near M. P. & N. A. Depot.
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First-class Accommodations for Commercial Men. Fine Sample Room.

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Day and week board at reasonable rates. A first-class house in every respect. Headquarters for Michigan men.

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Thos. Crowley, Prop.

—First-class Hotel in Every Respect.—
Headquarters for Commercial Men. First-class Sample Room. Rates \$1.50 per day.

A GREAT PRIZE!

Any one, not now a subscriber, sending the TRIBUNE CO. ONE DOLLAR can get the famous picture, the "RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

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The Daily and Sunday Tribune 6 weeks or the Daily (without Sunday) Tribune 8 weeks or the Evening Tribune 12 weeks or the Sunday Tribune 20 weeks or the Tribune Weekly Tribune 25 weeks

This offer is good until June 1, 1891. The picture is a beautiful work of art. Reproduced in all the beautiful colors of the original painting, 24 inches by 17 inches.

Send at once and secure a handsome prize. Postage stamps to the amount of \$1.00 will be accepted. Address:

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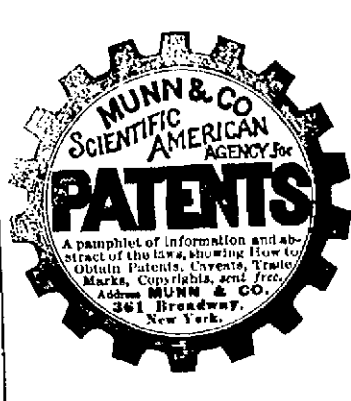
A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from the very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator. A machine that will manifest more than double the number of sheets than any other typewriter without affecting the alignment in any respect, as on this machine the alignment is indestructible.

PRICE \$100

If there is no Agent in your town, address us on the subject as we are more liberal with our Agents than any other Company in our line.

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First-class work and Reasonable Prices

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Eagle Livery Stable

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Rigs single or double at all hours pic-nic and fishing parties taken at reasonable rates. Give me a call.

FARNSWORTH BROS.,

Proprietors of

The North Side Barber Shop,

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Headquarters for Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Vegetables, Oysters and Fancy Groceries.

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Small Dimensions a Specialty.

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ON OCEAN STEAMERS.

The Kind of Men That Command Great Ships.

Clear-headed, brainy, driving men are these master mariners, and bearing patiently a responsibility that needs no iron will and a courage faltering at nothing. There is no royal road to their station, nor can willing hands make them what they must be. They can not crawl through cabin windows, nor, for that matter, come flying in a pier-head jump through the gangway with one leg forward and the other aft. They have to fight their way over the bows and struggle out of the rule and smother in the foibles by sturdy buffeting and hard knocks, by the persistent edging of stout shoulders bucked by strong hearts and steady brains. If it is in them they will make their way in the end surely, and may set the course and stomp to windward as they please, while others haul the weather-vanings and drink their grog protestingly.

No; master mariners are made, not born, and unlike many of their brethren in the government service, have to rise by energy, pluck, merit, and manuminate them—by a hundred qualities the world is better for owning. In the stake-hole, however, one leaves behind the formal and mathematical, and sees the picturesque with all its dirt unvarnished, with all its din and clamor unobscured. Under the splintering silver of the electric lamps, cone of light illuminate great spaces garishly and leave others in unbroken masses of shadow.

When the furnace doors are opened, thirsty tongues of fire gush out, blue spirals of gas spin and reel over the bubbling mass of fuel, and great sheets of flame suck half-burnt carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted heads and smoking bodies the stokers shoot their slice bars through the melting hillocks, and twist and turn them until they undulate like serpents.

Through bulkhead doors the red and gold of the furnaces checker the ceiling floor, and the tremulous roar of the eager fires dominates the vibrant splendor of the steam. Figures nearly naked, grubby and black with coal, and puffy with ashes and soaked with sweat, come and go in the blazing light, and in the

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